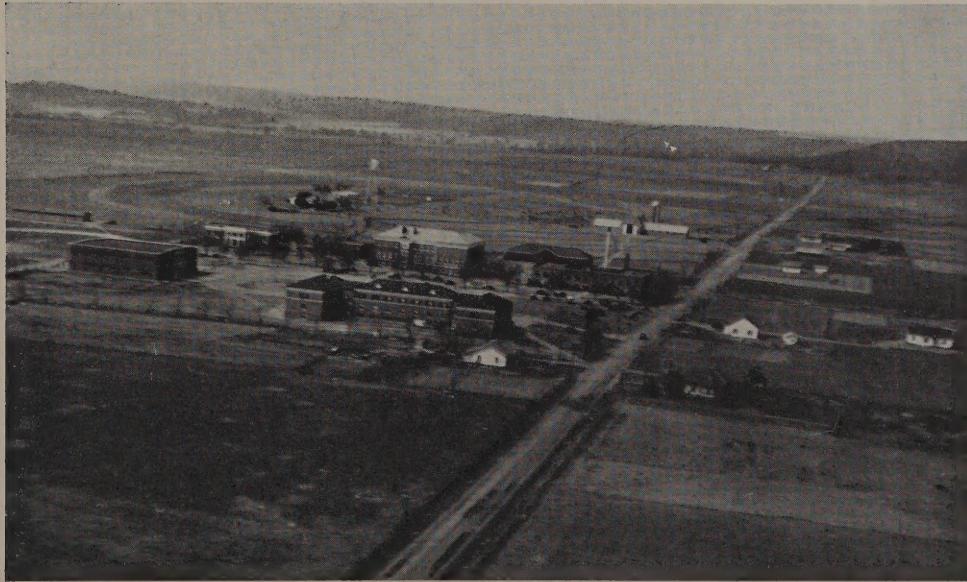
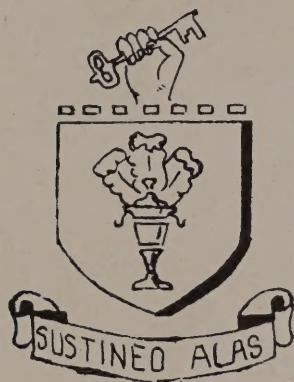


# AERO-CLERK

*Published by*

## Class of 1943 - 2





*"They live in Fame . . ."*

## FOREWORD

In this, our CLASS BOOK, we are trying to answer some of the questions that you, and you, and you have been asking. We are not attempting to explain all the details of the subjects we were taught. And besides, part of our work is a military secret. . . . We want you to get the feel of our school; how we felt when in our classrooms, on the drill field, in the mess hall, on the athletic field, and indulging in a social event.

We have enjoyed our stay at Connors . . . We have had fun, more than you could imagine possible . . . and we hope our book gives you a laugh too . . . However, in a more serious vein. . . .

WE THE MEN of Connors State Agricultural College, Training Detachment AAFTTC salute the Administration, our Officers, and Instructors.

To you, our Officers, we are grateful for your guidance and sound judgement. These are things that make a soldier exclaim, "It's a privilege to serve under the best Officers in the finest Army in the world."

To you, our Instructors, we can but say that we were amazed at your patience in helping us acquire the information that is so vital a part of our military training.

You have stood by us while we chased Pvt Hedrick from one misadventure to another . . . while we stuffed the mail boxes with our amateurish correspondence . . . while you tried to convince us that typewriter keys were not part of a slot machine . . . and while we tried to change the organization and publications of the Army Air Forces to suit ourselves.

To the Administration, Officers, and Instructors who helped make this a pleasant interlude, we dedicate this book.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

agricultural school in the eastern section of the State, and through the influence of Campbell Russell, early stock breeder and agrarian, Warner was selected as the site.

During the pioneering stage of its history the school occupied modest quarters in the town proper, but public spirited residents of Warner had foresight to Connors' expansion possibilities and contributed 160 acres of land for a permanent location. And in 1911 the present administration building was erected. An intermediate and secondary school, with a meager enrollment of 35 at its founding, Connors was designated as a junior college by the state legislature in 1927. Today it stands as one of Oklahoma's great educational pillars. Two new dormitories, a sizable, up to-the-minute gymnasium and a well-appointed engineering and mechanics building have been erected in the last decade.

At the inaugural of the current year a new and illuminating chapter to Connors' chronology was initiated. The erstwhile sports-wear bedecked campus gave way to the olive drab of the men who ". . . sustain the wings" and another of Oklahoma's fortresses of higher learning aligned itself with the war effort.

Our immediate predecessors, the class of '43 - 1, compiled the first page of this new chapter. It has been our privilege to add the second and our good fortune to have been exposed to that caliber of American inspirational spirit that will hasten the day of victory.

*And now we pause, to bid farewell,  
And view with bits of sentiment,  
Memories that we'll ne'er expell,  
For here we've found contentment.*

*A spirit of which we are aware,  
But can't describe, since words  
are mere,  
Is one virtue, beyond compare,  
That we have gained from living  
here.*

*In parting we will take along,  
Connors' spirit, and with it end  
All things that would this war prolong;  
This vow to God and Flag we send.*

Foremost in our thoughts these eight weeks, and on an even stand with the wondering of what's to come next, has been a curiosity in the direction of a pre-war panorama at Connors.

Connors was little more than a dream at the turn of the century, the century that felt a need for educational advancement. One of the forerunners in the meeting of that need, Oklahoma voted in 1908 to establish an



RUSSELL HALL

# "STRENGTH"

## COMMANDING OFFICER

Lt Jerry L. Simeral, competent commanding officer of this detachment, is a native Ohioan. And as a loyal son of his state, he attended Ohio University, where he starred on the varsity football team.

After entering the army as a private, he was finally accepted for O. C. S. He was sent to Miami Beach, Florida, and upon completing the rigid course that is the lot of all who attend an officers' training school, he received his commission.

His military itinerary has taken him to such places as Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio; Kessler Field, Mississippi; Randolph Field, Texas; and Tulsa, Oklahoma.

He was given special orders, while at Tulsa to organize this college as a military post. But he was permitted only 3 days to get the school running. As CO at Connors his tasks are numerous and varied. Not only does he have to attend to

regular military duties, but he is responsible for introducing dances, entertainments, shows, and movies at the school.

Lt Simeral is a tough army man, and he is trying to make tough fighting men of the students at Connors. As a strict disciplinarian, he has taught the men under his command that it is as important to have their hair cut in the army way as it is to make passing grades at school.



## ADJUTANT

"Up from the ranks" best typifies our adjutant, Lt Delbert A. Rounsville, a native Oklahoman. Lt Rounsville began his army career after graduation from Oklahoma A and M and soon filled the indorsements in his Service Record while moving from one post to another.

Lt Rounsville started as a flying cadet and underwent training at Will Rogers Field. Completing five months of training, he was assigned to Randolph Field, Texas, "West Point of the Air", from which post he was subsequently transferred to Cimmeron Field.

An interlude in his G I travels found the genial Adjutant basking in the sun at Miami Beach, Fla., where he attended the Army Air Forces Officer Candidate School. After being commissioned, hard working Lt Rounsville once more returned to Oklahoma and CSAC, via Kessler Field, Mississippi.

In addition to reading the Articles of War from the Court Martial Manual, Lt Rounsville finds time to assume the duties of Public Relations Officer, Transportation Officer, Quartermaster Officer, Mess Officer, Special Services Officer (which duty is shared with the Commanding Officer, Lt Simeral), and Acting Chaplain (no spiritual guidance, fatherly talks only).

In addition to the numerous duties he must perform, Lt Rounsville manages to keep up with his favorite sports, hunting, fishing and sleeping.

His dry wit has kept us on the alert at all times. We wish our popular Adjutant every success in his army career and in his expressed desire to see overseas duty.



**President Jacob Johnson**

Assuming the presidency of the College in 1933, President Johnson brought to Connors a fine academic background and a thoroughly modern educational viewpoint. A graduate of the University of Oklahoma, he has supervised the College through the years of its greatest expansion. The modern and functional planning of the school is largely the result of his painstaking work. Called upon by the Army Air Forces to assist in the training of its administrative personnel, he has again earned commendation for a good job well done.

**Captain Phillip T. Mulligan**



Capable detachment surgeon is Captain Phillip T. Mulligan, who had won wide acclaim in Detroit, Michigan medical circles before being commissioned last May. Receiving his B. S. degree at the University of Detroit, M. D.

and B. M. degrees at Wayne University, the versatile and vivacious Captain served on consulting and surgical staffs in the vicinity of Detroit, was Medical Director of St. Cyril and Methodius Seminary and St. Mary's College.

**Dean S. P. Kratz**

Civilian supervisor of the training detachment is S. P. Kratz, dynamo of energy, who came to Connors in 1933 and has been its dean since 1937. For Dean Kratz, no detail that would improve the efficiency of the training system here is considered unworthy of his personal attention. He received his B. S. degree at East Central Teachers College, Ada, Oklahoma, and his M. S. degree at Oklahoma A. and M. College at Stillwater.





## FACULTY

### Front Row, left to right:

Vida Lou Sanders (Mil. Typing) B. S. Central State College  
Clara Mathis (M O & P) B. A. Iowa State Teachers College; M. A. Oklahoma A & M College.  
Zela A. Creecy (Mil. Typing) St Agnes Academy; Ardmore Business College; and Murray State School of Agriculture.  
Velma B. Ogle (Recorder) Oklahoma University.  
Georgia Johnson (Mil. Adm.) B. S. Central State College; M. A. Oklahoma University  
Florence Ledford (Mil. Correspondence) B. A. Southeastern State College; M. A. University of Oklahoma; Graduate School, Columbia University, New York City.

### Second Row, left to right:

D. B. Morgan (Mil. Administration) B. S. Oklahoma University; M. Ed. Oklahoma University; L. L. B. Cumberland University.  
Amanda Lee Bunch (Mil. Correspondence) B. A. Southeastern State College; B. F. A. Oklahoma University.  
Opal Bell (Mil Typing) B. S. Edmond State College.  
Hal Wickham (Mil Adm) B. A. Oklahoma City University; M. Ed. University of Oklahoma.  
Olive Devereaux (Mil Typing) A. B. and M. A. University of Oklahoma; University of California; Friends University; Central State Teachers College.  
Woodrow W. Pearcy (M. O. & P.) B. S. and M. A. Oklahoma A. and M. College

### Third Row, left to right:

Howard S. Jones (Mil Adm) B. S. Central State College; M. A. Oklahoma A. & M. College.  
Elmer Nix (Mil Adm) B. S. Southeastern State College; M. S. Oklahoma A. and M. College.  
Wm. H. Culwell (M. O. & P.) Graduate North Texas Teachers College; B. A. Northeastern State College.  
Oval H. Cunningham (Mil Adm) B. S. East Central State College; M. A. Oklahoma University.  
True B. Emerson, (Mil Adm) B. S. East Central State College; M. S. Oklahoma A. & M. College.  
Ernest Johnson (Mil Adm) B. S. Central State College; M. Ed. University of Oklahoma; graduate University of Oklahoma.



#### PERMANENT PARTY

Front Row, left to right:

First Sergeant Ralph Smith, Peoria, Ill., Staff Sergeant Bud Reda, Detroit, Mich.  
Sergeant James Collins, Chappaqua, New York.

Back Row, left to right:

Sergeant Arthur R. Hautala, Brainerd, Minn., Sergeant Albert Buchanan, Washington D. C., Corporal Joseph Zarilli, Stamford, Connecticut.



#### MEDICAL STAFF

Captain Philip T. Mulligan.

S/Sgt Elmer G. Hendricks, Cpl Luciano Solano, Pfc Jon Hall,  
Pfc Henry L. Garcia, Pvt Lester M. Mohlman, Pvt George W. J.  
Castagnetta.

# SALUTE

Well, it's all over, men. And we enjoyed it. Nay, we loved it!

Truly you men -- boys, some of you -- proved ideal students. You weren't all walking brain-storms, neither were you all half-wits. You weren't horribly noisy in class, neither did you sit like wax dummies. When there was a spot for a laugh, you laughed -- but you laughed normally and merrily, neither like hyenas nor, on the other hand, like effeminate little boys chuckling delicately in their sleeves. What we're trying to say, men, is that in our humble opinion you represented a grand cross-section of those who really make this country tick. You were 100 per cent Americans -- normal and lovable.

The course wasn't easy. When you were standing at the plate those eight weeks we tossed plenty of curves and fast balls at you. Perhaps more of the latter because you had to swallow, and digest a flock of text books in that short time. But you did it. Nobly. Doggone if you didn't, soldier.

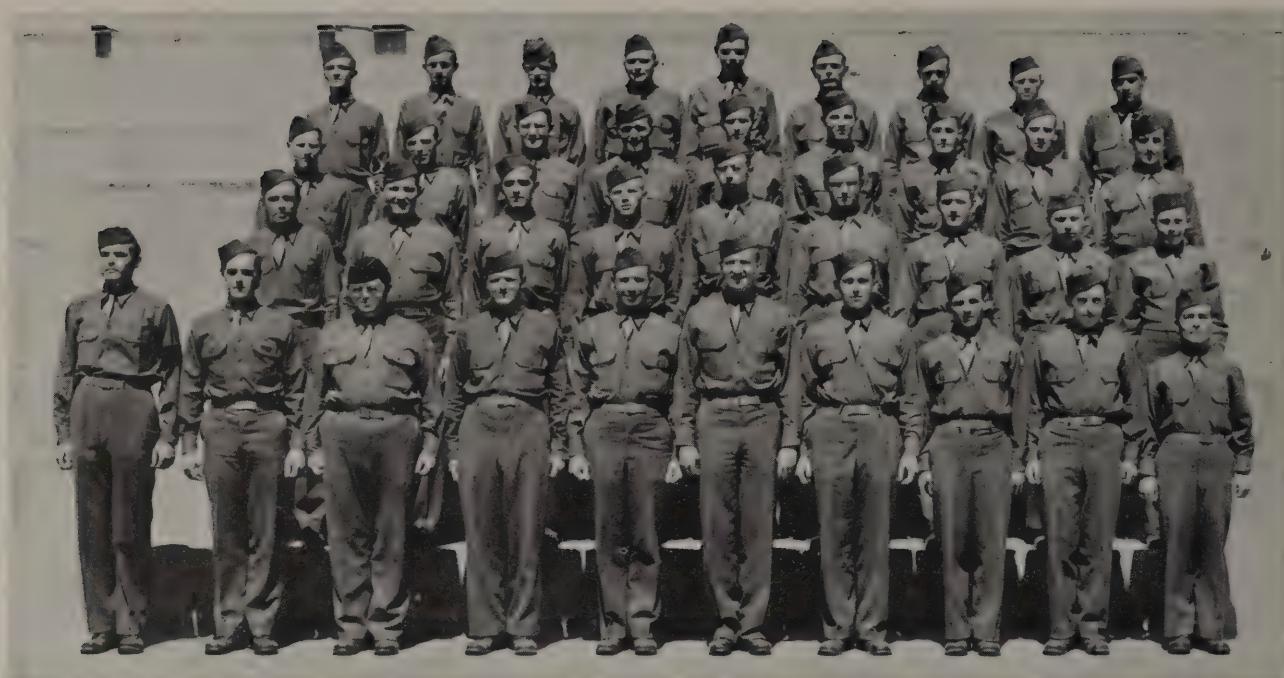
Frankly, when we first saw you, you looked like just what you were: three week old soldiers with the basic training center milk still dripping from your mouths. We won't kid you. We won't say that we spotted you immediately for little gems. We weren't crystal-bally enough to declare love at first sight. We did it smarter than that. We got to know you, then learned to love you!

And now it's all over. The eight weeks of school; of hard work, fun and the digesting of knowledge -- not all of the palatable dessert kind -- but the point is you did digest it. We say that honestly, full of conviction and with clear conscience. And if that be not so, then let the wrath of some witch-like orderly room sergeant fall upon our heads -- too!

The war is not yet in the bag. Yes it's part-way in but the fit is tight. Fortunately for us the bag is strong, strong as all the lions and oxen roaming this puzzled world of ours. And you, soldiers of Connors, are part of the bag. Just as much part as the muddy commando, the rear gunner in that dazzling bomber, or the chemical warfare expert.

Your part is equal. We know you won't fail. Not you men, you men of Connors. The best to you, lads. The best -- for you deserve it.





## Platoon A

Front Row — Left to Right:

Moore, (Platoon Leader), Grove, Duffy, Bansak, Holland, V. Johnson, Backman, Lynn, Riley, Dionne.

Second Row — Left to Right:

Meryman, Kirwan, Laukinitis, Pearson, J. Johnson, Rogers, Kærcher, Steinberg, Shriner

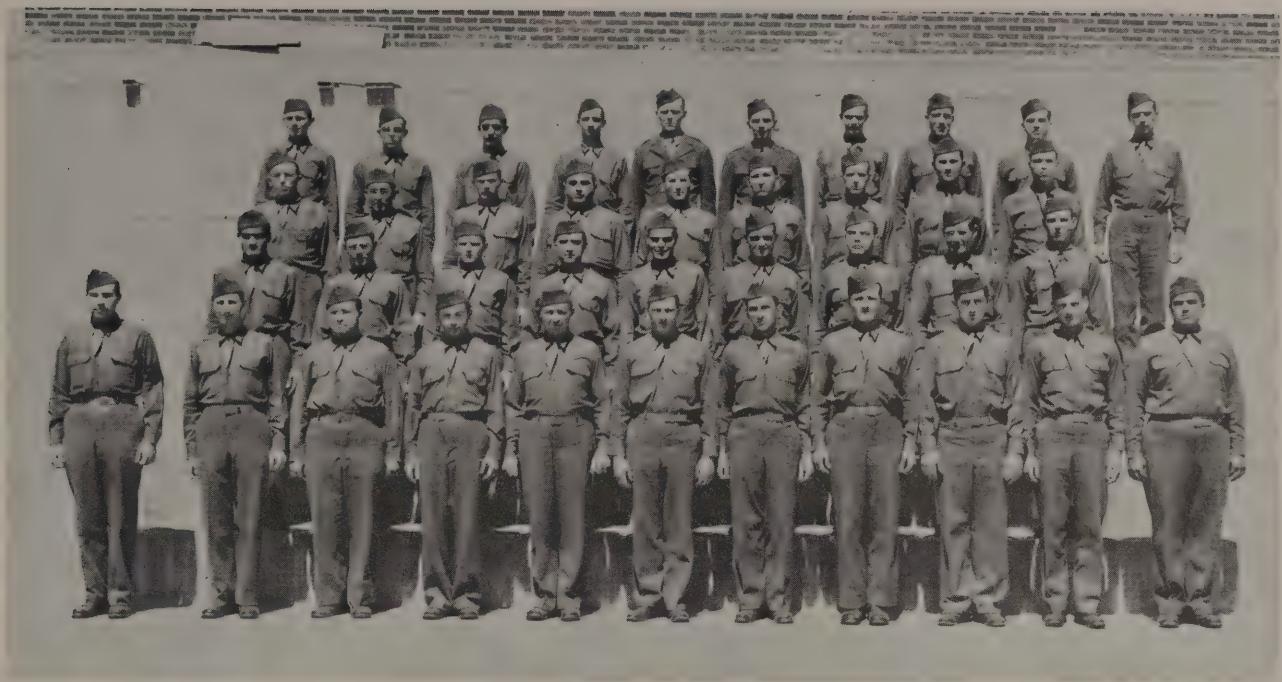
Third Row — Left to Right:

McLaran, Plank, Brooks, Linsenbigler, Scott, Peace, Archbold, Boland, Mizell.

Fourth Row — Left to Right:

Simmonds, Canning, Whitfield, Smith, Crowley, Hamilton, Stephenson, Russell, De Galbo.

Here they come zooming to meet our thunder: Charles Archbold — Likes ice cream better than steak; Jack Backman — Now playing,: The Mystery of the Missing Hat; Roy Brooks — Still brook runs deep; Ray Bansak — At ease buster, you're an advanced trainee; Jack Boland — The blond Louis Armstrong; Dick Crowley — Warner's Jerry Colonna; Chick Canning — A fine steward; Bob Dionne — The sixth quintuplet; Charlie Duffy — He had the teachers worried; Sammy De Galbo — Extra! Former barkeep makes good; Bill Grove — the Great Lover; Elmer Gysen — Wears out two combs a day; Joe Holland — He thinks of the other guy; Norman Hamilton — He's for huntin' and fishin'; John Johnson — The strong silent type; Vic Johnson — Say, teacher, I don't get this; Al Kirwan — Wanna buy a toupee cheap; Jack Kærcher — A fine student; Frank Logan — HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!; Kermit Lynn — What he needs is a good five cent cigar; Anthony Laukinitis — A good soldier; Bill Linsenbigler — You can't beat the Pennsylvania Dutch; TV Moore — A cross between Gable, Taylor and Stan Laurel; Paul McLaran — The original fried friar; Earl Mizell — 3 wives, could it be that mustache; John Meryman — The Beau Brummel of Stigler; Fat Peter Peace — The Ozark mountain bridge player; Russell Pearson — A platinum blond but he's taken, girls; Mal Plank — A former traveling salesman, he knew all the answers; Rube Russell — The sage of Swannanoa; Jim Rogers — Information please; Robert Riley — Eat, eat, eat, eat; Bernie Steinberg — West Brooklyn comes to East Oklahoma; John (The dancer) Scott — He blew his top just once; Les Simmonds — An adventurous boy reporter in the wild west; Harold Shriner — Wears out three combs a day; Steve Stephenson — Warner (pop. 367) Bishops Hill (pop. 366); Noile "Pappy" Smith — A number one guy; Joe Whitfield — give him a pipe and a book.



### Platoon B

Front Row — Left to Right:

Mahr (Platoon Leader), Needle, Gianotti, Glass, Parker, Harvey, Allen, Porter, Young, Lansberry and Mastrogiacomo.

Second Row — Left to Right:

Urias, Knudsen, Chronister, McCaffrey, Barrow, Horsey, Scholl, Reusch, and Buwaldal.

Third Row — Left to Right:

Randall, Reed, Moody, Gorakian, Rosen, Trudeau, Castleman, Nadler and Fisher.

Fourth Row — Left to Right:

Garofalo, Goguen, Gabert, Pappas, Cole, Schlindwein, Fletcher, Williams, Tutino and Hryncuk.

Into the wild blue yonder with: Allen, "I guess I love my wife"; Barrow, "Early to rise, does it"; Buwaldal, "You should see the corn in Iowa"; Castleman, "Why are Southerners drafted"; Chronister, "Veronica Lake, so what"; Cole, "Basketball is so captivating"; Fisher, "I liked the United States better"; Fletcher, "Me and Sergeant York"; Garofalo, "Here's my two week's notice"; Goguen, "Permanent K. P. here, sure"; Gorakian, "The medical Corps needs me"; Gianotti, "Measles are so pleasant"; Gabert, "I'm a natural for PT"; Glass, "Speculate to accumulate"; Harvey, "You mean there's a war going on"; Hryncuk, "Draw two"; Horsey, "Well, I'll be damned"; Knudsen, "Honest fellows, Iowa was different"; Lansberry, "Mahr's AWOL, I'm in charge"; Mastrogiacomo, "Commando's fall out"; McCaffrey, "It wasn't like other St. Patrick's days"; Moody, "Send me back to Ireland"; Nadler, "You'll have to prove it"; Needle, "Telephones, humbug"; Parker, "It gets in my hair"; Porter, "Why do they chase me"; Pappas, "She said she'd wait"; Reed, "It was quiet at home"; Reusch, ". . . Armistice, any day now"; Rosen, "Figures thrill me"; Randall, "Where are my inspection shoes"; Schlindwein, "My heart is in Washington"; Scholl, "The Chaplain's hair is greying"; Trudeau, "That milk nearly killed me"; Tutino, "Obstacle course to desertion"; Urias, "They're prettier south of the border"; Williams, "I can't understand ignorance"; Young, "I'm a Bostonian, can't you tell"; Mahr, "Why do they hate me".



### Platoon C

Front Row — Left to Right:

Rubin (Platoon Leader), Maples, Rabinowitz, Peppard, Waldron, Szeles, Wadlinger, Reynolds, B. Thomas, Stearns.

Second Row — Left to Right:

Nicholas, Primrose, Heintz, Heatherly, Huggins, Nichols, Poteet, Wilhelm, Porembski.

Third Row — Left to Right:

Napoli, Natoli, Tune, Olsen, Roth, Reilly, Petrush, Ruth, Morrow.

Fourth Row — Left to Right:

Marcus, Loft, Marion, H. Thomas, Leventhal, Sacksman, Meeks, Nolan, Martak.

Absent: Hoenig.

Climbing high with: Heatherly, "Maidens swoon over his pearly teeth and wavy hair"; Heintz, "Always on the beam"; Huggins, "Boy! does Elmer blush"; Leventhal, "A dog's best friend is his brother"; Loft, "You can tell he's a New Yorker, even in uniform"; Maples, "Keeps a weather eye out for the pretty gals"; Marcus, "Good on exams--but what a Joe Balls!" Marion, "Henny always slept the soundest in Orgn class"; Martak, "Bucolic spinner of tall tales"; Meeks, "A perfect southern gentleman"; Morrow, "Sported the best GI haircut"; Napoli, "From Cub Scout to soldier via the wolf pack"; Natoli, "Garrulous Joe, with a weakness for women"; Nicholas, "The dissenter, his Nemesis, the obstacle course"; Nichols, "Very Quiet, but plenty of gray matter"; Nolan, "The Irish Thrush? Hell, no! Just plain noisy!" Olsen, "Flash' Ollie, the somnambulist!"; Peppard, "So help us-- Mel's fatigue suits are still brand new!"; Petrush, "Handsome Jim, the strong silent type"; Porembski, "One of our best athletes-- in the throes of love"; Poteet, "Originator of most of the night raids?"; Primrose, "Pop', the gridiron terror-- can he smear 'em"; Rabinowitz, "His singing is even better than his goldbricking"; Reilly, "Generous Joe would share his last buck with you"; Reynolds, "A man's best friend is his pipe, 'quoth I'; Roth, "How does he keep that hat on-- bobbie pins?"; Rubin, "Swell job, Sarge, even tho we did have to spank you"; Ruth, "How that man could drawl out those cuss words"; Sacksman, "Studious Bill insists that he is under age"; Stearns, "Incurable practical joker"; Szeles, "No kid'ling, Joe, is that a real moustache?"; Ben Thomas, "Philosophical Ben-- never gets ruffled"; Harold Thomas, "A soldier's soldier -- regular square shooter"; Tune, "The most prodigious appetite -- right Chow Hound?"; Wadlinger, "The 'Yar' boy from Pennsylvania"; Waldron, "The flight was always out of step -- not Bill"; Wilhelm, "Easy going, amiable Bill -- swell fellow".



## Platoon D

Reading from Left to Right:

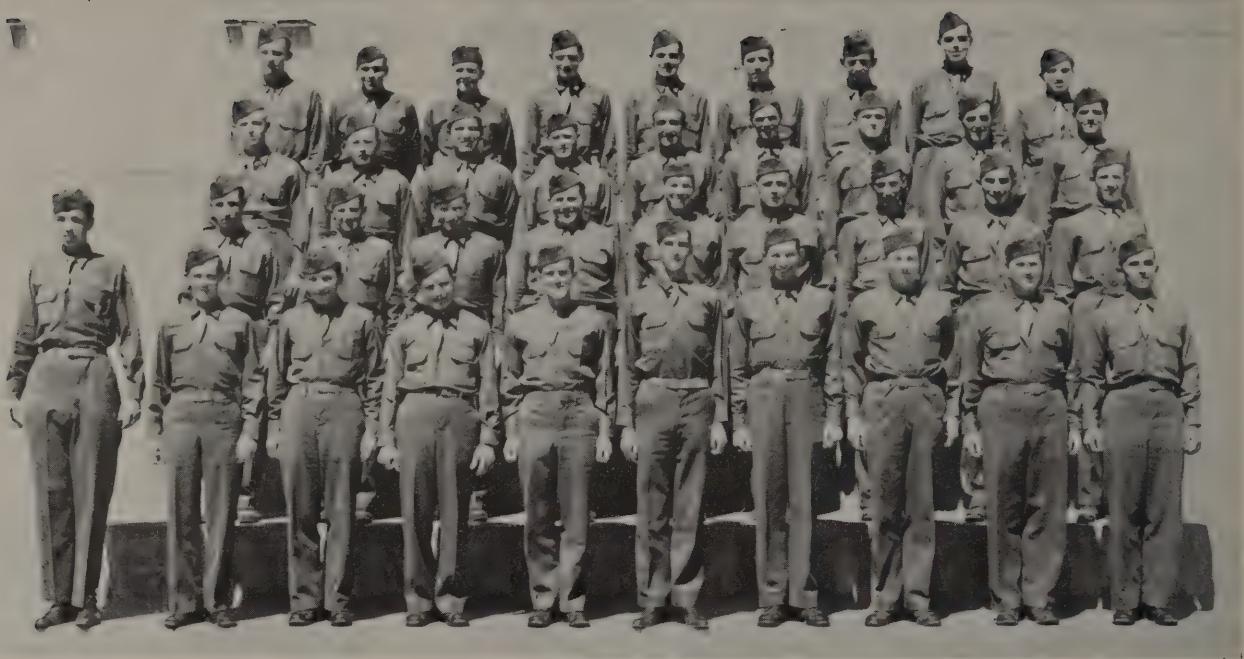
1st Row: Tursi (Platoon Leader), Gioiosa, Hubbard, Sterling, Tendler, Fedorak, Clark, Salveson, Friedman, Faris.

2nd Row: Schrade, Schwabish, Gucwa, Zolotorofe, Jaffa, Julis, Goldstein, Feldbaum, Arndt.

3rd Row: Gerchak, Haven, Silverman, Anderson, Cherry, Vize, Holland, Lamorte, Krollage.

4th Row: Sachs, Graff, Kurzeja, Steinberg, Flanagan, Weissman, Sweeney, Reeve, Villee.

One helluva roar with Anderson "Donald Duck's Rival, quack quack"; Arndt "Aw c'mon now, cut it out"; Cherry, "Boy Philly's the place"; Clark, "Hello Huthky, you gorgeous thing"; Faris, "Hello there" always sounded good at 5:30 A. M.; Feldbaum, "Tings ain't what they used to be"; Fedorak, "It's about time one of you guys cleaned this room"; Flanagan, "Gerchak you stop picking on me"; Friedman, "my troubles you should have"; Gerchak, "Here comes the air raid warden with an eagle on his cap"; Gioiosa, "Did you hear the one about"; Goldstein "It wasn't me Sarge honest"; Graff "Any mail for me, fellows"; Gucwa, "Fer instance, if I get a furlough. . ."; Haven, "Waiting to hear from my draft board"; Holland, "What news the mail man brings"; Hubbard, "Blue, blue envelopes are for me"; Jaffa, "Who is the barber here"; Julis, "Only a 98, I better start studying"; Krollage, "We should eat first to-day"; Kurzeja "Is he in our platoon"; Lamorte, "Our jam session boy"; Reeve, "Can't I go over the obstacle once more"; Salveson "Longfellow, but not the poet"; Sachs "I don't like school let's play hookey"; Schmidt, "What I don't understand is"; Schrade, "He rooms with Schwabish and Schmidt, that qualifys him for a straight jacket"; Schwabish, "What do you want from me"; Silverman, "Your mudderinlaw takes numbers"; Steinberg, "Make with the solomy"; Sterling, "Who does he think he is"; Sweeney "What, there is another nationality besides the Irish"; Tendler, "You oughta see my girl"; Tursi "Sergeants take from me the command"; Villee, "What, am I CQ again"; Vize, "He's my boy I say"; Zolotorofe "Insult me, but not Brooklyn."



### Platoon E

Front Row — Left to Right:

Iseman (Platoon Leader), Keegan, Klee, Mrocze, Pearson, Kelly, Goldstein, Newcombe, Pinder and Sloyer.

Second Row — Left to Right:

Lynch, Krasnow, Kudler, Pastor, Kuhns, Maloney, Koethe, Weiss and Landis.

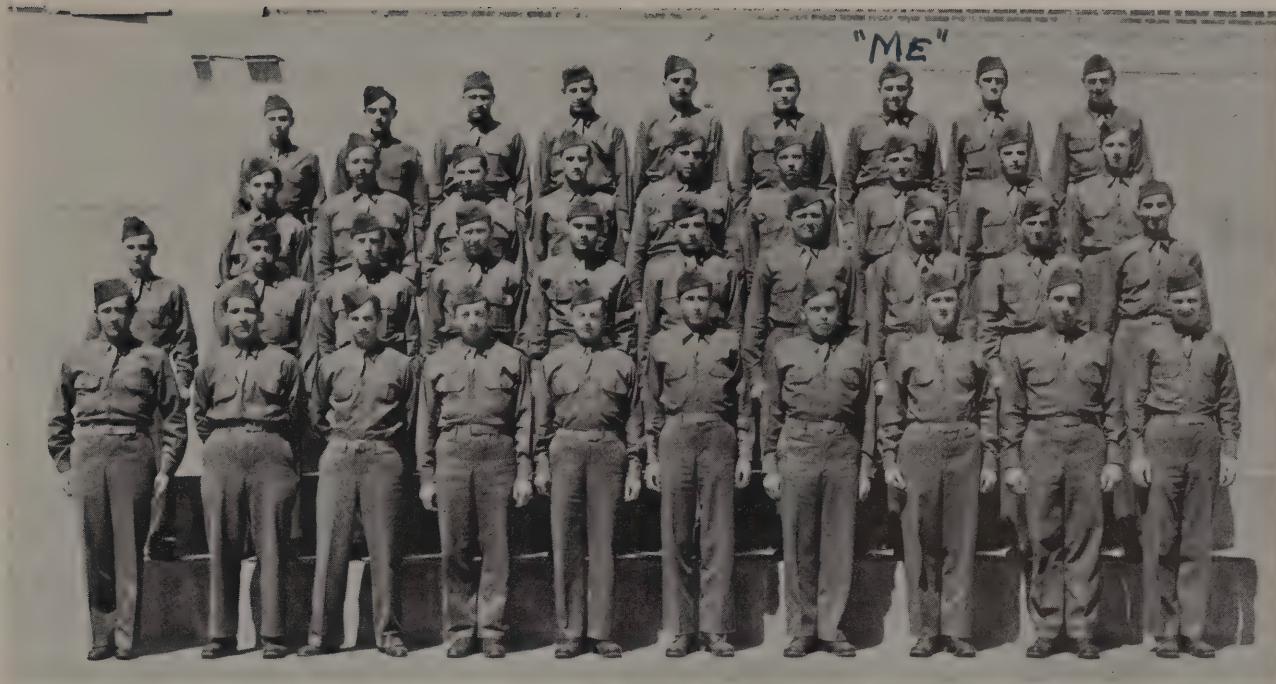
Third Row — Left to Right:

Loomis, Pantuk, Pimsler, Reilly, Lindner, Murray, Piccorossi, Schmidt and Singer.

Fourth Row — Left to Right:

LeRoy, Levine, Matyas, Llewellyn, Shulz, Stringer, Niess, Hayes and Sweedlow.

Down we dive with: Golden, "Kid Twinkletoes"; Hayes, "Living with two Sergeants ain't fun"; Iseman, "Platooooooon Aaaaaatention"; Keegan, "Where there is women there is Keegan"; Kelly, "Best dressed man on campus, sets the styles"; Klee, "Are you sure he's in our platoon"; Koethe, "Tex hails from Pennsylvania"; Krasnow, "Nine months but can't find his furlough"; Kudler, "The mighty mite"; Kuhns, "Stigler, here I come"; Landis, "His marching style is all his own"; LeRoy, "He's a friend of Kelly's, 'nough said"; Levine, "Will the woman with the lucky number come and get me"; Lindner, "You know, I had a girl . . ."; Llewellyn, "You spell it with a double L"; Loomis, "Squash loves to be squeezed"; Lynch, "This stuff is simple"; Maloney, "A song's the thing"; Matyas, "I don't understand it, I was supposed to be an aerial gunner"; Mrocze, "Polands gift to the AAF"; Murray, "If there's a woman there, I want to go"; Newcombe, "Mail call, 2E"; Niess, "How about coming out for the team"; Pantuk, "The Quaker City, that's for me"; Paster, "I'd rather heckle than eat"; Pearson, "He at least doesn't have a woman on his arm in formation"; Piccorossi, "Don't spell it, just pronounce it"; Pimsler, "I can't help it if it's funny"; Pinder, "Warner agrees with him he's always smiling"; Reilly, "Let's go down to Mary's"; Schmidt, "I can't go fellows, I'm married"; Shulz, "Can't we go around the track just once more"; Singer, "I shoulda stood in da Merchant Marine"; Sloyer, "Shifty wants to be shifted back East"; Spector, "It's not the size, it's the fierceness that counts"; Stringer, "If you want to put it into words, ask me"; Sweedlow, "So I went to Sheppard Field and . . ." Weiss, "If she could only see me now".



## Platoon F

Front Row — Left to Right:

Ettner, (Platoon Leader), Salerno, Graziouse, Friedland, Daniel, Bisaccio, Cotter, Faller, Warner and Cadigan.

Second Row — Left to Right:

Rapp, Herstein, Evelhoch, Markle, Tomaso, Giwojna, See, Goldberg, Hankins and Glant.

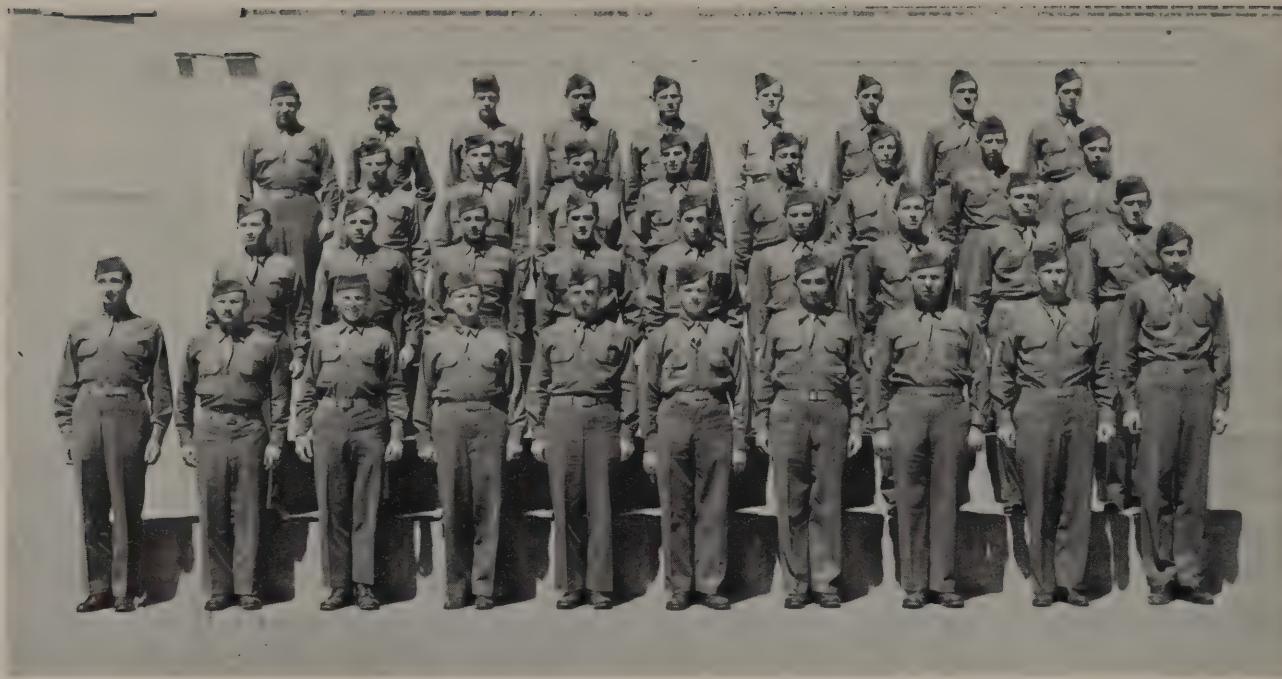
Third Row — Left to Right:

Cohen, Wolf, Alinkofsky, Malick, Ehrlick, O'Donnell, Moore, Mielke and Kollar.

Fourth Row — Left to Right:

Zuckerman, Courtney, Shupp, Szilagyi, Warren, Crouse, Smilack, Subacus and Forgan.

Nothing can stop: Alinkofsky, "Miami's best KP pusher, a future Mess Sergeant"; Bisaccio, "Most love -- sick"; Cadigan, "Fred Astaire's rival"; Cohen, "The might atom"; Courtney, "That's not the way we do it in the Navy"; Cotter, "Future Statesman"; Crouse, "On the ball, Jerry"; Daniel, "Most serious"; Ehrlick, "Best audience for comic"; Ettner, "Another reenlistment after the war"; Evelhoch, "Goodbye Connors -- hello Middletown"; Faller, "Most Studious"; Forgan, "Send me back to my wife"; Friedland, "Best A and R man on the campus"; Giwojna, "Silence is golden"; Glant, "Our Gift to Met. Opera"; Goldberg, "Best pianist -- just once more before you quit"; Graziouse, "A regular guy -- really sharp"; Hankins, "Tall, dark and handsome"; Herstein, "A Russell Hall Contribution"; Kollar, "Best speaking voice"; Malick, "Most typical married man"; Markle, "Best laugh -- it's a joke"; Mielke, "A good husband"; Moore, "Best hair comb"; O'Donnell, "Most likely to succeed"; Rapp, "Best dressed -- little but all there"; Salerno, "Always picking on Rapp"; See, "Best name to pronounce"; Shupp, "Best disposition"; Smilack, "The Ohio product converted into a real New Yorker"; Subacus, "Always on time"; Szilagyi, "An alert student"; Tomaso, "Our gift to the Big League"; Warner, "A jack of all trades"; Warren, Best obstacle course runner"; Wolf, "Sheep in Wolf's clothing"; Zuckerman, "Correct me if I'm wrong".



## Platoon G

Front Row — Left to Right:

Brodsky, (Platoon Leader), Goldstein, Powell, Heuberger, Shand, O'Donnell, Drew, Gaston, Hall, LoBello.

Second Row — Left to Right:

Hein, Nese, Masone, Domenico, McCormick, Heyman, Krakower, Nelson, Silk.

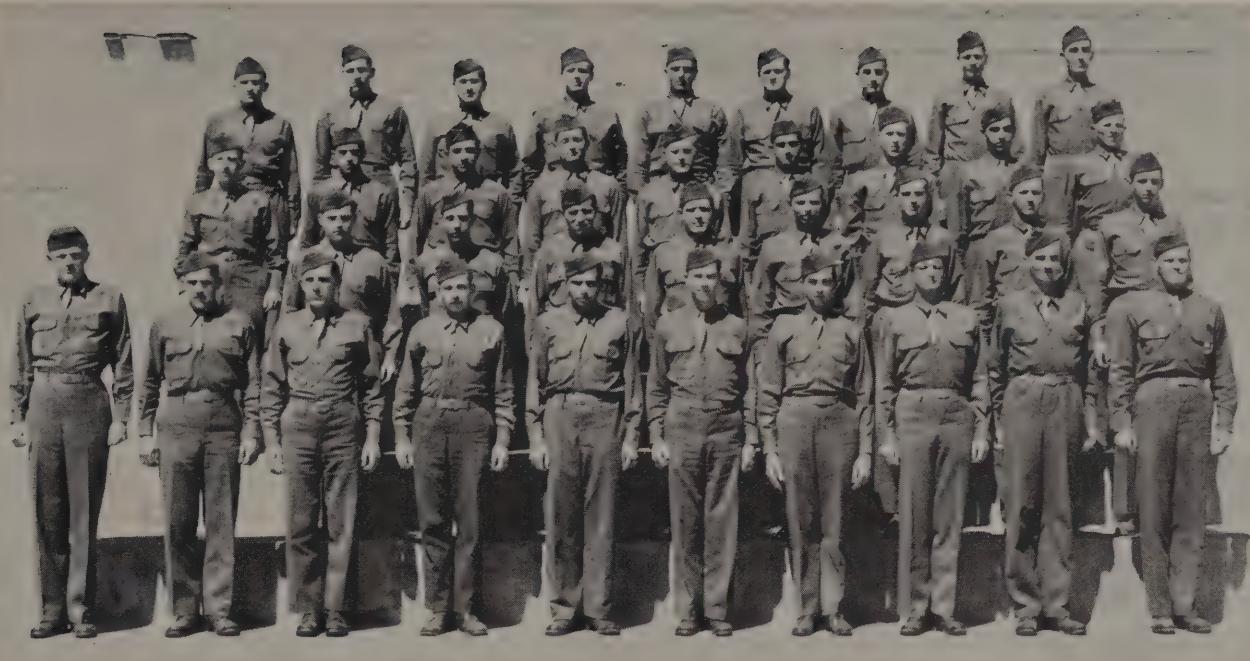
Third Row — Left to Right:

Sharkey, Manning, Roth, Cohn, Bisnett, Boomer, Colahan, Herzog.

Fourth Row — Left to Right:

Naiman, Hagner, Bartlett, Chouinard, Frost, Harrell, Smith, Cunningham, Graff.  
Missing: Hoehman, Kessler.

Hollaway leads off with: Brodsky, "Kind hearted Feuhrer from Brooklyn"; Bartlett, "Early bird from Adirondacks"; Bisnett, "Loudest in keeping cadence during PT"; Boomer, "Most likely to succeed"; Cohen, "A typical Lionel V. Hedrick"; Colahan, "Corresponds with home during correspondence"; Chouinard, "The bugler who is sure to get murdered"; Cunningham, "Who's got the ball"; Domenico, "Are we asgd to CSAC, atchd, or what"; Drew, "No draw back to Platoon G"; Gaston, "Slow but damned steady"; Goldstein, "It's all very confusing"; Graff, "He did it, it's a BOY"; Hagner, "Give him a typewriter and he's happy"; Hall, "The Perfect Gentleman from Calif.); Harrell, "Is he really that way"; Hein, "He went to Stigler, once"; Herzog, "He pals with Poppa Graff, 'nough said"; Heyman, "Rationed at \$82.50, eats for \$165.00"; Hoehman, "The Deacon gone wrong"; Heuberger, "Don't the old men ever get a break"; Kessler, "Little Man - Big Soldier"; Krakower, "I-eee I-oooo, Rah, Rah"; LoBello, "G's athletic representative"; Manning, "Talks only to Roth"; Masone, "Just mention HOT WAFFLES to him"; McCormick, "Perfect room orderly"; Naiman, "A GI mail clerk -- hurry up with that & \$ 1/4" \* - mail"; Nelson, "The banker from Long Island"; Nese, "The little man with the big voice, AMEN"; O'Donnell, "He tries hard enough"; Powell, "One fellow you can always count on"; Roth, "I didn't do it, Brodsky"; Shand, "Paratrooper gone AST"; Sharkey, "G's dancing instructor, he sings too"; Silk, "Stand fast -- follow me"; Smith, "Is he in this platoon"; Frost, "When he smiles, he melts the women".



## Platoon H

### Front Row — Left to Right:

Bailey (Platoon Leader), Ziegler, Voboril, Brostowski, Wach, Kuster, Peters, Mackenzie, Armstrong, Cordes.

### Second Row — Left to Right:

Lenz, Knaisch, Kopenhaver, Cosentino, Collingwood, Fleming, Brandenburg, Fenton.

### Third Row — Left to Right:

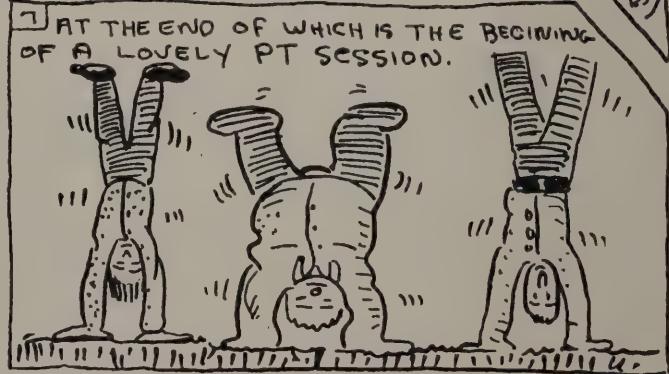
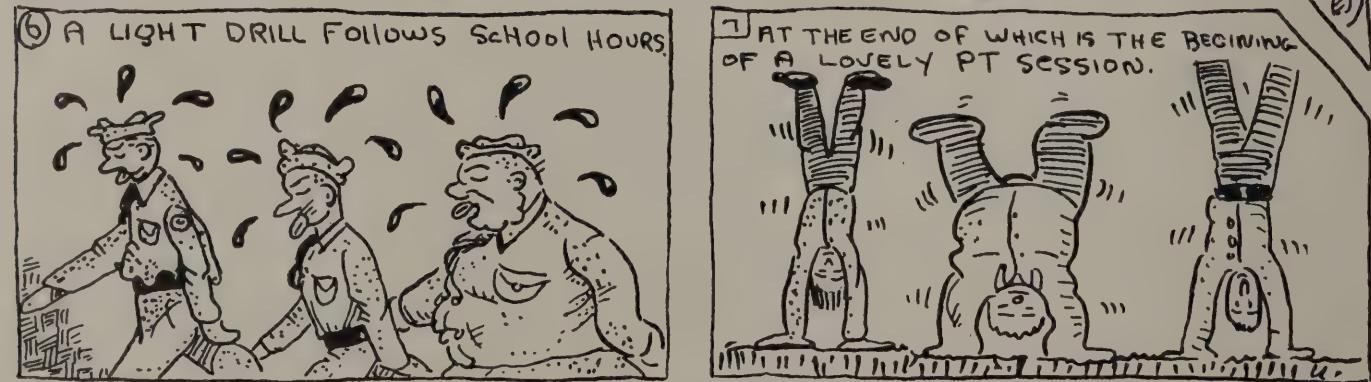
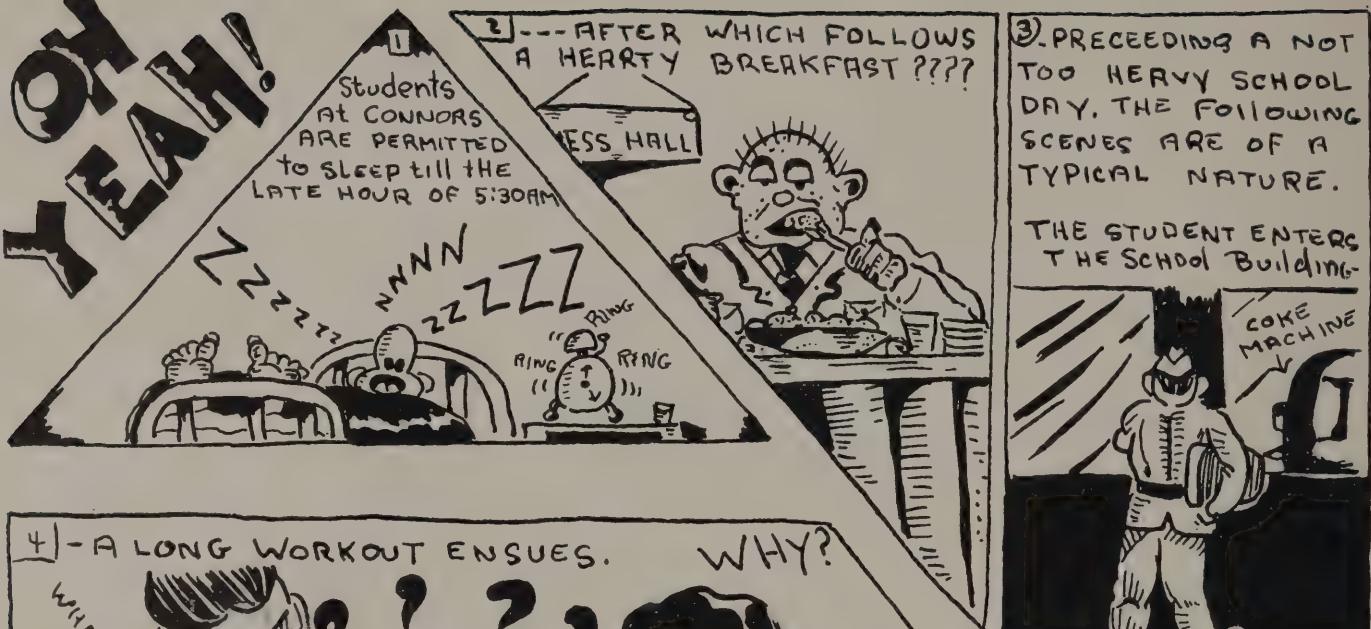
Odevan, Fabiano, Mirena, Dorko, Brink, D'Elia, McKenzie, Kaufman, Comfort.

### Fourth Row — Left to Right:

Fisher, Eisenman, Gebosky, Siegel, Curran, Solomon, Mingo, Wildermuth, VanSickle.

They keep them flying with: Armstrong, "Sweet Sue"; Bailey, "First column to the rear . . . march"; Brandenburg, "The Baron"; Brink, "The Gentleman"; Brostowski, "Character"; Collingwood, "Somebody, please love me"; Comfort, "the name's enough"; Cordes, "Sterling, get your hands down"; Cosentino, "Ivory connoisseur"; Curran, "Rose Marie I love you"; D'Elia, "C'mon D'Elia, GET UP"; Dorko, "Silence is Golden"; Duck, "Hope its twins"; Eisenman, "Give 'em hell"; Fabiano, "A bed's the thing"; Fallon, "dy to hosp"; Fenton, "hup, hip, hep, ho"; Fisher "The people's choice"; Fleming, "Kid Obstacle Course"; Gebosky, "Gestapo Agent"; Knaisch, "Mail Call, you morons"; Kopenhaver, "Is that understood"; Kuster, "I'm not a wolf"; Kaufman, "50,000 worth of Pagliaci"; Lenz, "The City College quiz kid"; Mackenzie, "All right, you guys"; Mingo, "A man of letters"; Mirena, "Re Re's boy"; McKenzie, "Dear Jean"; Odevan, "He loves flowers, especially a Rose"; Peters, "Daily letter to Hq"; Siegel, "Who me"; Solomon, "No banana boat, please"; VanSickle, "His girl is a PEARL"; Voboril, "What a character"; Wach, "The CH is phlegmatic"; Wildermuth, "The Silent one"; Ziegler, "Character No. 3".

YEAH!



# A LETTER HOME

Dearest:

Uncle Sam said, "you be a clerk" and that was that. I'm afraid when press reports come in from places like Quadalcanal and Tunisia, telling how Pvt John Doe killed 40 Japs with his bare hands or how Sgt Richard Roe saved his platoon from extermination, there won't be anything about my doing similiar deeds. You might read a dispatch on how an Administration Building burned down and I saved a handful of office records.

However, Uncle wants it that way and Uncle will brook no arguments on the subject.

At Connors College here in Warner, Okla. we are studying to be army clerks. The life we lead compares with college except that it has college beat 10 different ways.

I went to a great Southern university, but I never ate as well then as I do now. During the first 2 weeks of school here I garnered more worthwhile knowledge (for army and civilian life) than I did at the University. I am 10 years older, but regular army life has made me feel 100 percent better at 31 than I did when I was 21. I am stronger and tougher. In college my grades were ghastly; here I am averaging 90's. In college I went to bed at 12 or 1 A.M., got up in a trance-like state at 7, wondering if I ought to cut that first class. Here I go to bed at 10 and wake up rarin' at 5:30 -- and knowing I damn well better not cut that first class.

I tell you there is no comparison.

I cannot write too much (it's military information) about what I'm studying. But I'm improving my typing, learning what makes my Country tick, and how to be a bookkeeper! I'm learning accuracy and neatness. I'm learning how army records are kept and I'm learning immensely interesting things like the difference between "theatre of operations" and the " theatre of war," the difference between the "zone of the interior," and the "combat zone."

We're at class 6 days a week, from 7:15 to 4, and we have a period of calisthenics and drill in the evening. We engage in body-building sports or run the obstacle course. You've probably seen an obstacle course in a newsreel: hurdle jumps, mudholes to crawl through, fences to scale, towering fences to climb, holes to jump. If you listen closely tonight around 6, you will be able to hear me pant as I cross that finish line.

Another thing I'm grateful to the army for is that they've reintroduced me to long woolen underwear. When I was a kid, long underwear was a mark of shame. Now, at 5:30 of a cold Oklahoma morning, the long handles clinging to the chest and legs are things of beauty and joy.

We have dances here twice a week. Last Saturday the town of Stigler invited the men over. I didn't get to go but the boys came back with glowing accounts of Oklahoma hospitality, not to mention the 2 Stigler girls for every soldier.

We can sleep as late as we want to on Sunday, although if you want breakfast, it's at 8.

The question of the day at Connors is, of course: Where do we go from here?

Militarily yours . . . .

# ADMINISTRATION

Pfc I. M. Befuddled was a model student. Ever since he had staggered thru his Basic and embarked on a career of Tommy-guns and Typewriters he had stayed "on the beam".

Even the lovely co-eds couldn't tear our hero away from his M/R and while his classmates wooed the lovely K. P's on Wed. night, Pfc B remained in his room playing solitaire with his Administration Forms WD, AGO Forms 3, 5, 9 and 12.

Yes, this modern Socrates had his day, for his marks were outstanding and instructors heaped praise upon his fair head. However, there was a price to pay for all this glory.

It happened in the fifth week of his torturous happiness. After a hectic exam day and a rigid inspection by the CO, Pfc B returned to his room exhausted from the day's mental toil and fell upon his bed. Pfc B felt like a used up FURLOUGH and before you could say "attached for rations only," the mental genius of CSAC was on DS with the BLANK T SLEEP GROUP.

It was a dark night and the unusual Oklahoma weather provided a steady downpour of rain. Suddenly Pfc B was startled by the sound of knuckles beating against the window. He jumped out of bed with a 4F leap, wondering what manner of man or beast would venture out on a night such as this. He peered into the inky blackness, and there, huddled outside the window was the bent figure of a man.

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked our brave hero in a voice quivering with fright.

"I've come a long way to find you and at last I am near the end of my mission," the voice answered.

"B-B-But what do you want with me?" asked Pfc B, as he tied his knees to the bed post to keep them from shaking.

I'm the spirit of Pvt Hedrick and have just returned from a long trip to HELL. Dante refused to include me on his M/R because of your carelessness."

Now this touched the Wonder Boy of Technicalities to the quick for he prided himself upon his ability to fill out the proper forms at the proper time under the proper circumstances.

He looked straight into the spirit's left eye, or where it should have been, and said, "I have in my possession a communication signed by Lucifer and written, by order of Satan.

"It states that said body has been received and accepted for duty. In conclusion let me add that it is signed by Asst Devil Pluto, Actg Ex. lax . . . .

"Poor boy, don't you know that Mephistopheles, Officer in charge of Remains, is the highest echelon in all cases of attachment."

"N-N-N-N-o sir, I didn't" answered Pfc B as he reached for his Sick Report to make the proper entry for himself.

"Well, Headquarters and Hellquarters Squadron of the Down Below Group accepts no excuses from you ordinary mortals," answered Pvt Hedrick "You have to come back with the proper form WD, AGO Form 52 signed by William F. (BUFFALO BILL) Cody, S-1.

"Can't you give me some time?" begged the Adonis of Administration, optimistically reaching for WD, AGO Form 31 (FUFLOUGH).

"I'd like to, but I can't," answered Pvt H, "for here comes Mr. Jordan, my T/Sgt."

Suddenly all HELL broke loose as a swell of voices screamed, "All out, all out, all out for Roll Call."

Pfc B broke into a cold sweat. This certainly must be HADES, for there sitting at the C Q desk was Pvt Webber long since dropped from the rolls with the aid of WD AGO Form 52.

Our hero was all prepared to fill out a Report of Change for himself when a shove from his roommate, and the cold rain upon his face, woke him.

But 'tis said that Pfc I. M. Befuddled will never be the same.

HEADQUARTERS TRAINING DETACHMENT  
Army Air Force Technical Training Command  
Connors State Agricultural College

AW/107

In reply refer to:  
hut-2-3-4

Warner, Okla.  
April 4, 1943.

SUBJECT: Shortage.  
TO: The Girl Back Home.

1. Reference yesterday's correspondence, we have been forced to forego our smoke in the latrine today to overcome the time element required in writing this letter.

2. Your attention is invited to the shortage and desperate need of the following articles: Your picture, loving, liquor (stronger than 3.2), cookies, candy, films, sleep, money, furlough, and the answers to next weeks examination.

3. Again I ask you, please send at once the aforementioned articles.

For the last time:

hut-2-3-4

1st Ind.

AW/107

Hq, The Girl Back Home, Address RESTRICTED, Apr 8, 1943.  
TO: That Someone in the Air Forces, Warner, Okla.

1. Have enclosed articles requested. Be true to me.

By order of the Girl Back Home:

5 Incls:

Incl 1— Seagrams VO (in dup.)  
Incl 2— My picture (in dup.).  
Incl 3— Cookies etc.  
Incl 4— Exam answers  
Incl 5— Insurance Bill, w/2 Ind, (last bill and present one).

hut-2-3-4

2nd Ind.

AW/107

Hq, Tng Det, AAFTTC, O of the CO, CSAC, Warner, Okla., Apr 10, 1943.  
TO: That Someone in the Air Forces, Warner, Okla.

1. Approved and thanks.

1 Incl:

Incl 5 w/2Ind.

WITHDRAWN: 4 Incls—Incls 1, 2, 3, and 4.

hut-2-3-4

3rd Ind.

AW/107

Hq, Tng Det, AAFTTC, CSAC, Russell Hall, Warner, Okla., Apr 11, 1943.  
TO: The Girl Back Home.

1. Thank you for trying. All I received was AR (35-1440).  
2. Despite the

Order of the Medical Officer:

# MILITARY ORGANIZATION AND PUBLICATION

Military Organization and Publication is self explanatory. With every new publication there is a new organization and every time there is a new organization it requires a new publication.

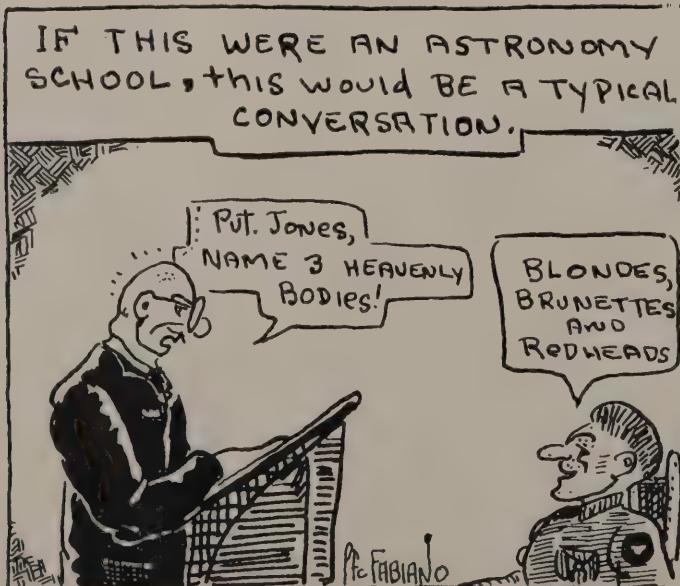
We have shared the responsibilities in this course with the Secretary of War and the Chief of Staff. With every new organization it has been necessary for the Secretary of War to appoint new Generals, for the Chief of Staff, new commands, for us new fronts.

In order to keep up with the ever changing battles we have relied on the Muskogee Daily Phoenix to supply us with the necessary current events. In one short day we learned that the American forces under General Patton, and the British First Army under General Montgomery routed the Axis forces from Gabes, the combined American - Australian forces under General MacArthur routed the Japanese from Salamang, and the Lone Ranger and Tonto routed the bad men of the badlands.

We learned that General Rommel was playing the "fox", John L. Lewis, politics, and the Ritz Theatre, "You Can't Take It With You."

We traced General Orders emanating from the War Department and followed them as they slowly unwound through the various departments picking up Special Orders, Tentative Orders, Circulars, Forms, Bulletins, and Memorandum while leaving headaches in their wake.

Our greatest difficulty was in learning the proper procedure for finding information in the Army Regulations. We had difficulty despite the assurances of our instructors that the Regulations were not prepared by camouflage experts. After seven weeks of concentration we finally found the page we were looking for in the Army Regulations. Little did we know that there had been three Changes in the interim.



We learned how to break down the Army Air Forces into its component parts. We learned how to break down these component parts. Break downs were common.

We also had difficulty in believing that Basic Allowances were not provided for by the wife, that P meant Fighter, F, Photographic, X, Experimental, and C, Transport. There is one thing that we will never forget about our course in Military Organization and Publications, "WE HAD DIFFICULTY."

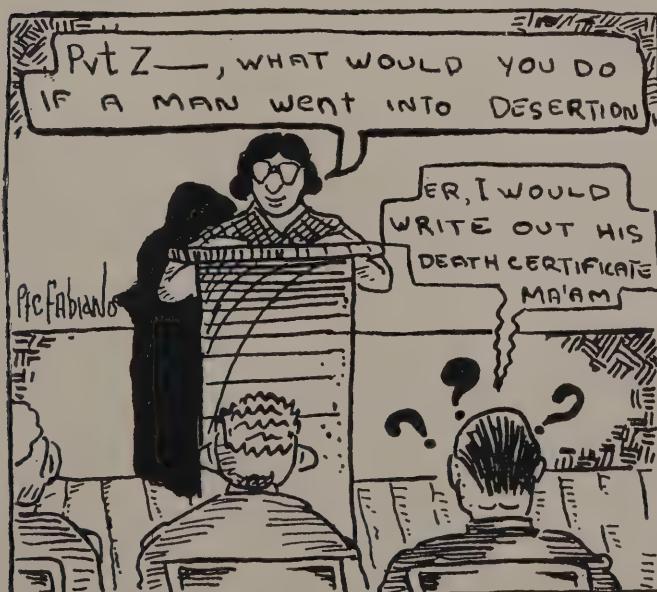
# MILITARY TYPING

In some respects, Military Typing highlights our course of study at Connors. The competition, as the case might be stated, was among those who had already won their laurels as typists, those who were self-proclaimed typists (the hunt and peck artists) without laurels, and the beginners who knew that a typewriter probably had all the letters of the alphabet. This last group has often wondered why a typewriter was not constructed with but one row of keys, beginning with A and ending with Z.

The beginning typists may be classified in the following catagories: The pessimist with a superiority complex, and the optimist, who soon developed a feeling of inferiority.

The pessimist was probably a successful butcher in civilian life, or a taxi driver, or even an elevator operator. After eight weeks of typing the pessimist is still wondering how he happened to be classified as a clerk. "What is the use of trying to make me a typist," he says, "when there are thousands of girls who can do a better job of it than I. And what is more, they would probably type for no salary in an office full of uniformed men."

The optimist attained a maximum speed of 12 words per minute after two weeks practice. The third week he could type 15 words per, the fourth week 18, the fifth week 21, the sixth week 19, and the seventh week 22. At the beginning of the eighth week the optimist had become worried, for he was required to type 24 words per, for graduation. His only recourse was to begin to complain. He complained about the bell, the keys, the ribbon, and even the noise. His instructors told him not to worry, for hereafter he would be permitted to discount errors at the end of lines. He breathed a sigh of relief, and now he looks boldly into the future.



We envy the experienced typists for we are certain that they are about to enter a world of stripes and more stripes. They have confidence and speed, and a few of them even have accuracy.

To the hunt and peck artists we can but say: "You men of many fingers, peck on, peck on. You are the men of imagination: our scholars, our writers. Yours is the world of the future. But where the hell did you ever get the idea you could use a typewriter!"

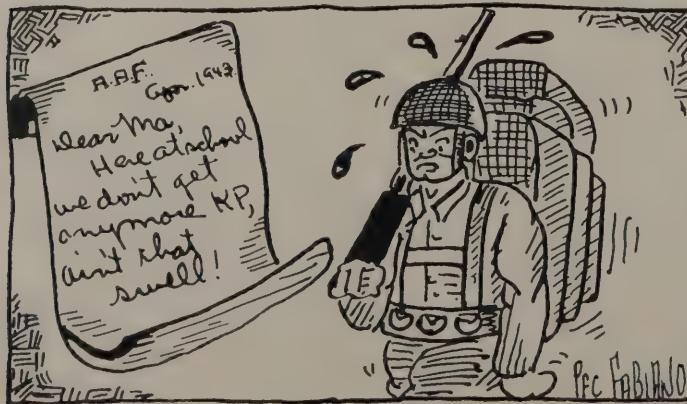
# MILITARY TRAINING



On Army Day the men of CSAC put on a full dress parade. And for the first time since coming here, we marched to the roll and the beat of drums. Our sergeants did not count cadence that day, and you could feel, with the first step at the command, "Forward, March" that every man was on the beam.

The color guard swung round the campus and then onto the road, the flag flapping vigorously in a strong April wind. All eyes were front and all heads were held high as platoon after platoon followed, marching to the beat, beat, beat of the drums.

All the civilians of Warner lined the sidewalks, watching the men of CSAC as they passed in review. The civilians watched with intense interest, for the soldiers of Connors are their only direct contact with the Army. The men and women and children waited until our return; and because they waited we knew that they too had caught the spirit of the day. And we knew that the people of Warner felt proud too . . . .



Our full dress parade was the result of our daily drilling. We have felt cold and we have sweated, and we have marched in the rain. Our sergeants have bawled us out and shouted at us, and occasionally given us a word of praise. More than once we have returned from a hike, soaked to the skin. But withal we have felt that drilling and marching and hiking has made us better soldiers and men.

# PHYSICAL TRAINING



Under the watchful eye of Staff Sergeant Metz we have managed to get the kinks out of our bodies and have substituted charlie horses, bunions, callouses, pains, strains, sprains and in some cases, muscles. We have adhered to our physical training program religiously and sacreligiously, and since the goldbricks were forced to keep on their toes to avoid exercising, they too managed to get into shape.

Reveille was followed by awakening exercises the first three weeks of our training here when the "powers that be" decided to permit us to wipe the sleep from our eyes during school hours and to chase the sleep from our bodies in the afternoon.

A new phase in the fitness program was added in the form of an obstacle course (or is it curse), with new obstacles being added both physically and mentally on each trip around the course. The men of Connors took to this form of conditioning like SOLDIERS ? ? ? Sgt Metz,

with calender in hand, timed each platoon as it ran around the course dodging ground erosions in a manner befitting All-American halfbacks.

We leave to class 43-3, an obstacle course comparable to none, and despite our frequent use of it during the afternoons and moonlit evenings, a course with hazards still intact and defiant to the most energetic of souls. To Sgt Metz and the medics, a clear cut victory over rigor mortis.



S/SGT METZ AND PT STAFF

# RATIONS



In order to work, we have to eat, and to eat we have to get into the Mess Hall. Occasionally, we have to get out, too. Somebody yells "CHOW" and it's every man for himself. You fall out in formation, the sergeant barks, "Column of two's from the left" and you find yourself shoved 400 yards to the right. "Forward March" and the slow time cadence is quickened to a sprint for rations only.

There are six steps going down to the Mess Hall . . . we are told there's not a man who has ever set foot on the bottom five yet.

Then the delicious aroma of food makes contact with eager nostrils and hurrying men growl at each other, "Git Back -- Git back in line".

There behind the counters stand Oklahoma's most beautiful girls, eager to be of service. The thought of all these poor girls doing all of that KP, day in and day out, cuts every man to the quick. But this is war and atrocities must be expected.

One of the girls smiles at you just as you reach for the silverware, and you pull your hand back quickly with a nasty cut. After getting a tray full of delicacies you start on your way to a table. However, a ten day furlough is usually necessary before you reach your destination.

As you enter, the preceding platoon comes rushing out with empty trays -- on their way to mail call.

After the stampede, you wipe the coffee from your OD's and clean the spinach from your ears. But this is not all -- there is still "Devils Pass" to be traversed. This is a two by four "No Mans Land" situated between a solid pillar of granite and a mahogany table. Many a soldier has turned to cutting paper dolls after vain attempts to get by this greatest obstacle of them all.

Perhaps, some day men more agile and stronger than we will conquer Devils Pass and manage to reach his table.

For ourselves, we intend to return to Connors after the duration plus six months, and have a meal without being trampled on and top it off with a good 5c cigar.

# Station & Record of Events



# SPORTS

Perhaps some evening when you are back in civilian life (after this conflict is over), you'll be sitting in your favorite chair with your slippers on, pipe filled and the family away at the movies; you may pick up this class book and remember the days spent at Connors and the fellows you called your buddies. Perhaps during your day dreaming, you'll think of the night you sank that basket in the last minute of play, to give your platoon a victory, clinching the basketball championship; or of the single that sent your room mate sliding across the plate with the winning run of that important play-off game in softball. Maybe you'd have reason to recall the day you were umpire, and just couldn't call a right decision (at least the fellows of the other team didn't think so), and you felt that you were back in Brooklyn's Ebbet Field, umpiring a game between the Dodgers and Giants -- only the pop bottles were missing.



When thinking of your sports at Connors, you will recall Sergeant Metz. Here was a fellow that every last man liked and respected. When you met Metz, you didn't say "Good evening, Sergeant," but "Hi ya Sarge!" During Calisthenics, Metz didn't only tell us what to do, but out-did us in every exercise he gave us. Yep he was a great "guy".

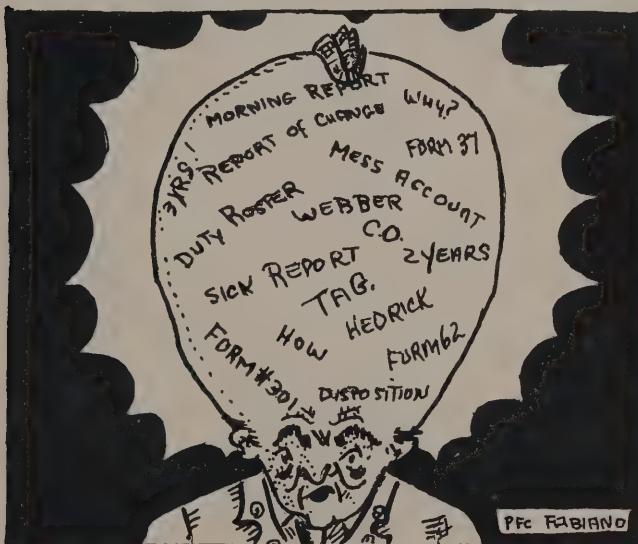
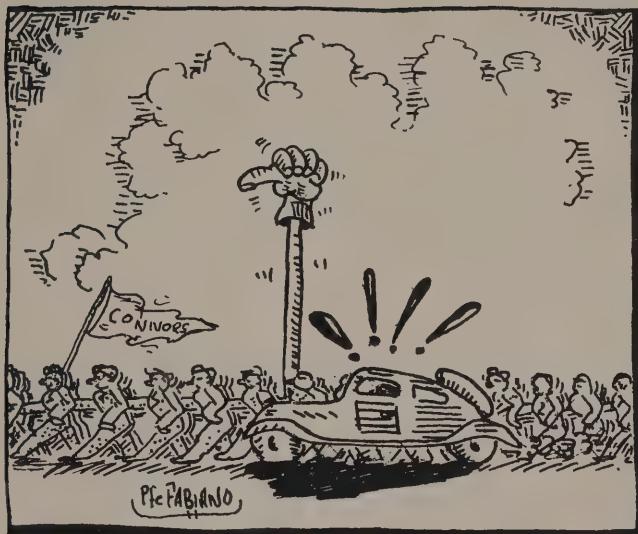
How about your old buddies; you can't forget such fellows in a hurry. If you played softball, you will remember LARRY GRAZIOUS, REAL COMFORT, PHIL TURSI, JOHN LOBELLO, JIM CADIGAN, and JOHNNY PAPPAS, who gave their all on the mound for their respective teams. Or how about the stars of the basketball team, such as HARRY HEIN, a real team player; TOMMY HANKINS, who could worm his way through any opposition; BERNIE SMILICK, a good man to have under the basket; DON PORTER, who could cut the cords from any angle on the court; BILL HARVEY, a real fighter throughout the game, and SID FRIEDLAND and JOHN VANSICKLE, two of the team managers.

Volleyball may have introduced you to JOHN SEE and JACK MINGO. DALE FORGAN was the real "ping-ponger" of the school, never knowing how it felt to be beaten. Thinking about this table game, many of you will recall the Little Three Championship with BOB FALLER, DAVE CARTER, AND JOHN DANIEL, the latter being declared the champion.

There were lots of other fellows too. VIC TOMASO, a candidate for the Brooklyn Dodgers; BILL GLANT, an all-around star; DICK MIELKE, Indiana, ALL STATE football star while at Rielly H. S.; TOM CURRAN, MORRIS BRODSKY, JIM TRUDEAU, JERRY CROUSE, JIM KOLLAR, CHUCK HYRNCHUK, MIKE SILK, WHITEY BAILEY and WALTER COLAHAN.

Correction  
SMILACK

# Task Force





T'was the night before Wednesday and all thru the dorm,  
 The boys were inside getting their OD's in form,  
 For Wednesday eve was the night of the dance  
 A Fox Trot, A Rhumba, a little romance.

You give her a twirl, you tell her your woes,  
 Then a ten minute break to massage her toes,  
 You kiss her goodnight with a look of forlorn  
 And she serves you your breakfast the very next morn.

TASK FORCE	Detail Work On Sunday
THEATER OF OPERATION	Dispensary
COMBAT CREW	Any Two Soldiers After One Month
CHAIN OF COMMAND	Latrine
BLANK FORMS	The Squadron on Sunday Morning
WEATHER	Very Unusual
COMMUNICATION	System Used in Exams
TYPING	Mechanized Braille System
PILOTS LOG BOOK	Jane Doe, 125 Main St., Warner, Oklahoma
EMERGENCY ADDRESSEE CARD	Where to get a Date in a Hurry
MORNING REPORT	All Out for Roll Call
LONGEVITY PAY	Salary Received by a Tall Soldier
OVERPAYMENTS	Something That Never Happens
OBJECTIVE	The Wash Room on Wednesday Night
REPORT OF CHANGE	Linen on Wednesday Morning
FORFEIT	Comes After the Third Fit
COMPUTATION	Travel From New York to New Jersey
AUTHOR-IZED	A Writer who Wears Glasses
PFC	Praying for Corporal
INTERMEDIATE DATE	Too Late for Aida, Too early for Dotty
BOMBARDIER	I'm Putting all my Eggs in one Basket
INSPECTION	Saturday's Gremlin

My throat was all parched, brow lined with sweat,  
 Thoughts of the break, the five minutes we get  
 The blast of the whistle brought me awake  
 Then suddenly a yell, "Five minute break"  
 Up to the coke machine, nearly all wilted  
 The damn machine empty,  
 The red light read "Tilted".



# Theatre of Operations



## PLATOON A

PLATOON LEADER: Moore, T. V., 3233 Biscayne Blvd., Miami, Florida.

Archbold, Charles, 1411 Methyl St., Pittsburg, Pa.  
Backman, Jack H., 19 Cutts Ave., Saco, Me.  
Bansak, Raymond E., 40 Bentin St., Bridgeport, Connecticut  
Boland, John J., 55 Lincoln Ave., Danbury, Conn.  
Brooks, Roy W., 2917 Waidler Ave., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania  
Canning, Charles H., 88 S. Whittlesey Avenue, Wallingford, Connecticut  
Crowley, Richard D., 6621 Aylesboro Ave., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania  
DeGalbo, Samuel J., 630 Herron Ave., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania  
Dionne, Robt. A., 134 Peel St., Manchester, N. H.  
Duffy, Charles A., 262 McKee Place, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania  
Grove, Wm. H., 215 Glenn St., Cumberland, Md.  
Gysen, Elmer, 1301 D Ave. W., Oskloosa, Iowa  
Hamilton, Norman, Route 2, Milton, Fla.  
Holland, Joseph A., 5940 N. E. 6th Court, Miami, Florida  
Johnson, John S., 3007 Columbia Ave., Columbia, South Carolina  
Johnson, Victor, 676 Merrimon Ave., Asheville, North Carolina  
Kaercher, Jack E., 3008 Hazelhurst Ave., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania  
Kirwan, Albert W., 1622 Braddish Ave., Baltimore, Maryland  
Laukinitis, Anthony J., 129 Jos. St., Pittsburg, Pa.  
Linsenbigler, Wm. J., 1416 Margaret St., Muncie, Pennsylvania  
Logan, Frank A., 160 Datura St., Sarasota, Fla.  
Lynn, Kermit, 643 N. W. Ave., Miami, Florida  
McLeran, Paul D. Jr., 2106 Dekle Ave., Tampa, Florida  
Meryman, John J., 118a N.W. 35 St., Miami, Fla.  
Mizell, Earl S., 1618 Michigan Ave., Miami Beach, Florida  
Peace, W. Ed, 715 Lexington Ave., Thomasville, North Carolina  
Pearson, Russell, 906 F St., N. Wilkesboro, N. C.  
Plank, Malcolm, 90 Virginia Ave., Asheville, N. C.  
Riley, Robert A., S. Red Road, Miami, Florida  
Rogers, James F., 403 Church St., Burlington, N.C.  
Russell, Reubin D., 38 Edwards Ave., Swannanoa, North Carolina  
Scott, John L., 517 E. Oak St., Arcadia, Fla.  
Shriver, Harold E., 312 Auzerais Ave., San Jose, California  
Simmonds, Leslie, 2430 S. W. 25th Terrace, Miami, Florida  
Smith, Noel D., 805 Merrimon Ave., Asheville, North Carolina  
Steinberg, Bernard, 2055 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, Stephenson, Milford W., Bishop Hill, Illinois  
Whitfield, Joseph B. Jr., 83 Gracelyn Rd., Asheville, North Carolina

## PLATOON B

PLATOON LEADER: Mahr, Fred C., 686 Richmond Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Allen, William T., 3326 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.  
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### *PRAYER FOR TOMORROW*

*I never think I'll see the day  
When hate for man will pass away,  
But here I am for all I'm worth  
To chase all hatred from the earth.*

*I'll give my life, I'd often say  
If I could know there'd come a day,  
When all the peoples of the world  
Could live a life, a life unspoiled.*

*A life unspoiled with hate and greed  
To heal a man, not make him bleed,  
An angel of peace to sow the seed  
So man can walk a world that's freed.*

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